

FOUR YEARS ON A NEW BEDFORD WHALER.

BY CAPTAIN J. H. B. ROBINSON.

The Straightforward Tale of a Plain Sailor's Actual Adventures on Cruise in the Stormiest Seas of the World.

CHAPTER XXIL

A RUN ASHORE. On May 2, 1879, we once more saw the rocky headlands of New Zealand. I soon had made many friends, as I went ashore nearly every evening. Among others were two brothers named Maxwell, who lived some twenty miles away on a large farm. They had often invited me to visit their tation. The old man listened to my request and said, with a quizzical look: "Want to run away again?" I assured him nothing was further from my intention, and he evidently believed me, for he told me I could go, and the next day I found myself on horseback following my friends over the rocky hills, which are in places hardly safe for even the sure-looted ponies. We arrived at noon, and I was too tired after my unaccustome exercise to begin my sport, so they left me in the company of an elder sister, who was their housekeeper, and went over to a lake near by, returning in less than half an hour with a pair of wild ducks, which constituted

our supper. Rabbits, pheasants and pigeons are very plentitul, while upon the lake large flocks of ducks are always to be found. The only dangerous animal in that sec-tion is the wild boar, which grows to an enormous size. They are seldom known to attack a man unless they are wounded, ut once aroused they are a terrible enemy They are always hunted on horseback, and the favorite method of killing them is with spears, but one must be an expert horsean, as I found to my sorrow.

Early the next morning we set out mounted on our wiry little ponies and acmounted on our wiry little ponies and ac-companied by two trained dogs. My friends, named respectively Jack and Jim, carried their gans slung upon their backs and a long spear at their saddle bow, but I re-versed this order in my own person and carried my gan in my hand, hoping to get a shot at some smaller game, for I was an inveterate sportsman, and wing shooting was atways my especial delight.

My friends kindly set the dogs to beating the bush, and I had the pleasure of bringing down several large phen-ants in quick succession, while my companions were evidently much surprised that a sailor should

We had proceeded about two miles from the house and I had bagged all the birds I could conveniently carry when suddenly I heard a shout from Jack, who was a short distance shead, followed by a load snort and a crashing among the bushes. It seems that Jack had ridder almost upon a Luge boar lying asl-op in the sun, who now went jearing through the thick flax at his best speed. Jim rode rapidly to the right, calling at the same time to me to remain

I needed no second bidding, for although a good shot on toot, I was a wretched horseman, and had no desire to be gored to death. as I selt sure would be the case should I

nttempt to join in the sport.

I could hear the shouts of the men and the ponies snorting and crashing among the underbrush, and my horse trembled in every limb. As the sounds grew nearer I found it impossible to control him any longer, so I dismounted and turned him loose, knowing that a whistle from his owner would readily call him back.

I placed my spear against the trunk of a large tree, whose low, sweeping branches would afford me a sale retreat, and waited The ground was comparatively open where I was stationed, as we had just entered the outer edge of a large wood. Suddenly the bushes parted, and, with a furious grant of pain, an old boar crashed through into the open space, while close be-hind him came the two riders, who now charged on either side of him and plunged their spears into his flanks, evidently avoiding his vitals to prolong the sport for my enification. The boar would turn savagely upon one enemy only to rece re a fresh wound from the other, and this was repeated several times, until the huge beast was a terrible sight. The blood poured from his wounded quarters and his mouth



He Charged Again and Again

was covered with foam as he gnashed his wicked looking tusks and charged again and again at the ponies, who seemed to enjoy the fun as much as their riders. It was cruel sport to me, and I called out the night, and I went to the forto my friends from my perch in the tree, to castle scuttle and called for a boat's crew. which I had prudently retreated, asking them to end the torture, which they did at once. I descended to the ground, and my friends dismounted and began cutting the tusks from the boar, leaving their arms a turn it was to go in the boat, and few feet away on the ground. I had taken a free fight ensued, in which all scarcely a dozen steps when I heard a loud hands seemed to be engaged. Finding it cracking a short distance away. Supposing it was my pony, who had galloped off when the boar appeared, I shouted: "I say Jim, just whistle for my pony. I hear him close

He complied, and I was just wondering at the intelligence of the animal when out from a thicket dashed another boar, doubtless the mate of the one my friends had killed. He stopped short, not ten yards away from my two companions, sniffed the sir once or twice, and then apparently caught sight of his human enemies, for he od perfectly still for a full moment regarding them intently.

How I felt I could never describe, but I raised my gun, took deliberate aim the animal's foreshoulder, and pulled the trigger. My shot was true and the next moment I was shaking hands with my Iriends laughing and crying at once.
Hunting wild boars is good sport, but when the boars hunt you-well, it is different, and had not my bullet gone through he animal's heart, he would certainly have killed at least one of the young men. We

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

me, for my hosts insisted that the spoils were mine by right. CHAPTER XXIII. AMONG THE FIJI ISLANDS.

The day following our adventure with the boars I concluded that I had had quite enough of amusement of that kind, and confined myself to the pheasants. It was glorious sport, and I bagged ten brace of home, promising me rare sport, but the dis- fine birds within a radius of one mile, betence had hitherto made it impossible. I sides several wild pigeons and a pair of rabnow resolved to ask permission of the Cap- bits. I saved the pheasants' breasts, and tain to take my three days' liberty all at afterward disposed of them in America at a once, and, if possible, to accept their invi- high price. Next morning we regularly made a business of slaughtering ducks on the lake, and after an early dinner we set out for the ship, leading a spare pony load-ed with game for the ship's crew. The most garbled accounts of our adventure were soon spread on board, and I had to repeat the story and show the tusks until I was

heartily sick of the whole affair. Three days after my return we weighed anchor and headed to the northeast, landing at one of the islands. We could see a native village a short distance away, and took a quantity of cotton cloth, tancy coltook a quantity of cotton cloth, tancy colored beads, several knives, and a barrel of our salted fish, besides numerous other small articles and pulled to the beach,

lamp was extinguished, while the mate managed to free himself by a vigorous kick, and came rushing on deck with a white face and swearing horribly.

He ran to the cabin and returned with a bomb guu, which he loaded quickly, and ordered me to remove the fore hatch. I obeyed and he jumped down. There was only a grating between the forehold and the forecastle, and as the lamp had by this time been relighted he could see the men plainly. He pointed the gun through the grating and He pointed the gun through the grating and ordered them to go on deck. Thinking he was simply trying to frighten them they insultingly refused once more. "I'll give you ten seconds to start!" he shouted, "and if you ain't out of that by that time I'll blow you sky high!" Not a men stirred, but they evidently began to realize he was

The next instant he discharged the heavy gun, and the bomb struck the forecastle floor, where it was firmly embedded. They all knew that should it explode not a man could hope to escane, and with a wild yell of terror they made a rush for the steps. In their mad eagerness to get out of danger they pulled one another down by the legs and fought like fiends, each striving to ascend first. The mate met them at the top of the steps with his belaying pin, and as fast as they came up he felled them to the deck, and was soon master of the situation. He had used an old bomb which was not loaded, but it answered his purpose, and a crew was soon hustled into the boat and started for the shore.

> CHAPTER XXIV. HOMEWARD BOUND.

On May 16 we crossed the meridian. As some readers may not be informed on the subject, I will explain that in rounding the world from west to east an entire day of 24 hours is gained in time, and it is the custom among mariners to drop a day from the log when the 180th degree of longitude is passed, although really but half a day has been gained up to that time. We crossed this point on Sunday, and we were given the next day also to ourselves. The igno-rant Portuguese could never be made to understand how it was possible to have two Sundays in one week, and declared the Captain was crazy.
Our fair wind soon left us, and we en-

countered adverse winds constantly for many weeks. The vessel again leaked badly, and it was 66 days after we left Mongonui before we doubled Cape Horn. When we arrived in the vicinity of the River de la Platte whaling grounds, we en-countered a terrific gale from the southwest.



where we found a large number of natives assembled. They were similar in appearance to the Friendly Islanders, but the language is somewhat different and we found it necessary to make our wants known by signs entriely. However, as both parties were anxious to trade with each other it was an easy matter to make them understand, and we were soon displaying our goods, and collecting vams, oranges, limes, eggs, chickens, and other articles of which

we were in want.

The Captain would hold up a knife and point to a yam. The natives immediately brought a small pile and looked inquiringly at him. A shake of the head caused them to increse the pile, and this was repeated until "no more" was plainly to be seen in their gestures, and then, after some more dumb show, the bargain would be struck. The value of our goods could not have exceeded \$5, but it required three boats to transport the results of our traffic to the ship. The Captain presented the chief with a small pocket looking glass, and his de-light knew no bounds. He sat down upon light knew no bounds. He sat down upon the beach at once and gave himself up to the contemplation of his hideous face, uttering loud grunts of wonder and pleasure. We left him engaged in this pastime and re-turned on board, loaded to the water's edge. When we returned with two boats to remove the remainder of our purchases the chief made his appearance with the mirror suspended about his neck by a braid of hair, and presented us with several large grass bags filled with a choice variety of oranges,

unlike any we had ever seen, and which proved to be far superior in flavor to those we had purchased. One of the natives was an immense chap, standing fully six feet in height, and he muscles stood out in huge bunches all over his body. The Captain playfully made signs inviting him to go on the ship, and to our astonishment he willingly assented, but chief immediately interposed and the big fellow at once turned away. That night he swam off to the ship and showed every desire to stay. In the morning we got un-der way before daylight and stood off shore,

bearing with us our new nequisition, whose immense strength and childlike good nature soon made him a general favorite. We squared away for Mougonui with a fresh gale behind us, but the old ship leaked worse than ever, and we were obliged to keep the water out of the hold. Our new an did the work of three ordinary men, and seemed to think it fine amusement to swing the pump brake up and down in his

powerful grasp.
Our cabin boy fell overboard during the passage while attempting to draw a bucket of water, and would undoubtedly have drowned but for the brave native, who sprang overboard without any hesitation and held him up until a boat was lowered and they were taken on board.

The leak seemed to grow worse as we proceeded, and when we reached Mongonui there were three feet of water in the hold and we had to patch up.

And now nothing was talked of but

home. The night preceding our departure all who so desired were allowed ashore, except the deserters, and the two crews were soon celebrating the event in the usual way. drinking, fighting, singing and shouting like madmen. At 10 o'clock I was ordered by the mate to take a crew and go on shore after our men. The mate had retired for By some means a quantity of liquor had been smuggled on board, and they were all more or less intoxicated. A dispute immediately arose as to whose useless to attempt to make my orders obeyed, I went att and informed the mate of the condition of affairs. He immediately came on deck, clad in but one garment, and went forward. Thrusting his head into the scuttle he shouted: "Tumble up

here lively some of you forecastle rangers and man this boat!" A chorus yells and oaths was the only reply, and once more he called to them: "Get out of that forcastle, or I'll come down and throw you out! Start now!" Not a man

throw you out! Start now!" Not a man appeared, but one man, more reckless than the rest. yelled defiantly: "Come down and get us, you old billy goat!"

The mate was intensely proud of his long chin whiskers, and we had given him this name early in the voyage. Probably this was the first time he had heard it, however, for calling on me to follow him, he snatched an iron belaying pin from the fite rail on the foremast and started down, sailor tashion, with his lace to the steps. No tashion, with his tace to the steps. No sooner were his bare limbs within reach of the men than someone seized him by the ankle and cried: "Cut him! Cut his legs

returned to the house bearing the tusks as trophies, and as I write this they are before A rush was made, and in the melee the

hatches, and one day we hoisted the tobacco cask on deck, as all hands were entirely destitute of that luxury. What was our consternation to discover that by some misake we had only a cask of empty boxes, having sold all our spare tobacco in New Zealand, supposing this cask contained an sample supply for the homeward voyage. There was no help for it now, and we were obliged to smoke tea leaves and coffee grounds, while the old sailors were to be seen with a huge wall of tarred ropeyarn or oakum tucked in their cheeks, grumbling and growling as they had never done at the

days, which was quick work for the clumsy old whaleship. We spoke a Spanish brig, and obtained a few pounds of tobacco, which our captain generously shared with all hands, remarking as he did so: "A man misses his pipe as much in one end of the ship as in specific "

We were now in very warm weather, but the southeast trade winds carried us into latitude 10° north, and with unusual good fortune we were only becalmed two days, with every stich of canvas set, we rapidly hortented the distance between us and Yankeeland.

As we neared the Bermudas we encountered a heavy gale, and found a wreck. We had only one boat left, and she was leaky, but our captain pointed to the wreck and said: "Men, that vessel can never outlive the storm that is coming. I feel it my duty to stay by this ship, but there is the boat. Remember, that if you meet with an accident I have no means of saving you. who will volunteer to try and save those

There was a rush for the boat before the

words were fairly out of his mouth, and the second mate and five men, myself among the number, succeeded in lowering from the ship's side in safety. We took off five men without accident and returned to the Triton, but by this time the vessel was under topsails and night was fast approaching. It seemed madness to return for the rest of the unfortunate mea, but we resolved to risk our lives in the attempt. We reached the bark's side once more, and, after repeated trials, took four men, when we found that they had left one of their number lying on deck, his feet having been crushed by a falling spar. With a curse at their selfishness the second mate clambered over the side, slung a bowline under the man's arms, and threw him over the rail, while we pulled him into the already overloaded boat. He was obliged to jump over himself, as we dared not approach the side. We started for the Triton, while the seas broke over us again and again, threatening every instant to swamp us. The rescued men were Portuguese, and kept up a succession of shricks and groans, calling on their saints to save them, until at last I was entirely unnerved, and, turning savagely upon them, threat-ened to pitch them overboard unless they

It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and never was the truth of this old adage more plainly shown than in the case of the Portuguese captain, who left all his money, ship's papers, nautical instru-ments, etc., in his cabin and made his ap-

pearance in our boat with an old guitar slung around his neck.

After the storm, which lasted two days, had abated we squared away for home again; but we found the lazy rascals we had risked our lives to save had to be compelled to aid

us in keeping our pumps in operation.

Three weeks from the day we took them on board we were alongside the wharf in New Bedford, having spent 4 years and 12 days upon the voyage.

I will leave the reader to imagine my reception at home, and simply say that five days later I stood in the same office where I

had signed away four years of my life, while the same smiling owner placed in my hand a check for \$101 18, my share of the net proceeds of the voyage,
"Now, Mr. Barker," said he, pleasantly,

"we hear excellent reports of you from the Captain, and we are going to send out another ship in about a month. You are the man we want for second mate—"
"Hold on!" I interrupted. "I am a printer by trade. This miserable sum in my head converted. my hand represents four years of my life. I can carn it in a month ashore, and I wouldn't go to sea again in one of your old tubs if she was loaded with gold and bound

straight for heaven." But, alas for human predictions! Within a week I received an offer to ship as chief mate in a Boston merchantman, and just three weeks from the day I stepped ashore I found myself taking a last look at the shores of America from the quarter deck of a stanch bark bound for the west Successful Plan for Curing Boys of the Dime Novel Fever.

GHOSTS IN THE LIMEKILN CLUB. The Arizons Kicker Tells of a Man Who

WALKED 600 MILES FOR A PROTO

Wanted to Run the Town.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCEL! It was a boy who wrote of a boy: "A boy is a singular feller. He hain't neither a monkey nor a mule. If he's brung up all right he'll come out bully, if he hain't, he's bad as thistles. It's better to study his nature than to lick him. Some fathers can git along with boys; others can't. No more at present. Goodby."

When my boy Tom got out of his knee breeches he wanted to go west and slay Indians. If I hadn't been watching him he'd



A Rug Made of Indian Sca'ps

nave armed himself with a corneutter and a loaf of brend and run away. He was planning to do this very thing when I called him up and said:

"Thomas, I want a new rug for the hall. want a rug made of Indian scalp locksabout 20 of them. Get ready and I will start you off to-morrew." I got down an old revolver, made him a

scalping knife out of a rusty scythe and instructed him how to approach a warrior and lift his har. In the latest style, but Thomas didn't go. No boy wants to run away if you want him to.

My boy Jim wanted to be a pirate. I

knew he was borrowing and reading every pirate story he could hear of, and I knew that it would result in a climax by the time he was 15 years old. I had my eye on him when he used to slip out behind the barn to practice boarding an unarmed merchant vessel, and I was listening at night when he called out in his sleep that dead men tell no tales. He had an island selected on which to bury his treasure, and he planned on sending back home a box of Spanish doubloons and a casket of jewelry. One atter-noon Jim gobbled up two loaves of bread noon Jim gobbied up two loaves of bread and some cold meat, and that night he retired an hour earlier than usual. The climax was at hand. I went out and waited under his window, and as he came down off the shed, a bundle in one hand and an old horse pistol in the other, I said:

"Oh, Jim, but I've got a plan which I "Oh, Jim, but I've got a pian which I wish you'd help me carry out. It has been a long time since anybody pushed the pirate business with anything like enthusiasm, and I believe there's a first rate opening for an enterprising boy. I'll furnish an outfit for you if you'll turn pirate. It shouldn't be much trouble to capture two or three Spanish galleons, and if you can send me home half a carload of gold and silver bars, I'll guarantee to make business at this end of the line get up and dust. Do you think you can get ready to start this week? We don't want any one to get ahead of us, you know.

Poor Jim dropped his bread and meat and horse pistol and sneaked into the house, and that was the last of the pirate business with him. From that night on his dreams have been clear of blood red decks and sailors walking the plank or begging for It was rather worse with my Bob. He

didn't run to Indians or pirates, but he did want to be a young hero. He got hold of boy books which related the history of boys who had begun life in New York selling papers and climbed up to the top notch of wealth and greatness.

When the boy hero of the book reaches
New York he invariably falls in with a gen-

tleman who suddenly becomes interested in his welfare, and at a later date takes him into partnership. My Bob didn't find this gentleman. He ran across lots of men who were probably aching to pat him on the head and give him a lift in the world, but they didn't have time just then. He slept in doorways and lived on crusts, and after a couple of weeks the police sent him home. He was a cured boy. He at once ceased to wear his hat on his ear and call me the "old man." I didn't blow him up when he returned, and he didn't offer to eat any husks.

I've got another boy who is rapidly grow ing out of knee pants. His resoluti been fixed for the last two years. He intends to become a sailor. He already makes use of "starboard," "port," "watch ahoy!" "shiver my timbers," and so on. I'll offer to take him to the nearest port and put him aboard of a coaster. He'll accept and make one trip of 200 miles. He'll never want to look at blue water, even in a washtub, after

Just as true as you live, a boy is a queer piece of machinery. He's all cogs and wheels and belts and pulleys, and he'll run as smooth as grease one day and wobble like a loose wagon wheel the next.

BROTHER GARDNER ON GHOSTS. "It has cum to my knowledge," said Brother Gardner, after the meeting had been opened in due form, "dat sartin mem-



He's Dar to Inquar'. bers of dis Limekiln Club am trubbled wid seein' ghosts an hearin' strange noises, I hev bin told dat Shindig Watkins has received three distinct warnin's dis spring to prepar' hisself fur de grave; dat Kurnel Cabiff can't sleep fur hearin' a death tick in de wall at de head of his bed; dat Givein de wall at de head of his bed; dat Giveadam Jones am all broke up by hearin'
whispers at midnight, and dat Elder Toots
wakes up moas' ebery night an sees a spook
wid flery eyes glaring at him ober de fut o'
his bed. I hev got a few words to say on
dis subjick of ghosts, an I want de members
o' dis club to lissen wid all deir might.

"If yo' am six weeks behind on yo'r house rent yo' will see a spook lookin' at yo' ober de footboard of de bed. He's dar to yo' ober de lootboard of de bed. He's dar to inquar' what yo' am gwine to do about it. If vo' has been shootin' craps and lost de \$2 de old woman had saved up to buy a pa'r o' shoes, yo'll h'ar ghostly footsteps all ober de cabin fur three nights ruonin'. ONE OF THREE WOMEN

Question as to Which Should Share Columbus' Honors at Chicago.

ISABELLA GAVE UP HER JEWELS

While His First and Second Wives Had

NO ROOM FOR THE QUEEN AT THE FAIR

Yo'll also h'arfrom de ole woman doorin' de day. If I had been sorter walkin' around doorin' de day and had diskivered a hencoop which promised to pan out well de fust dark night, I should listen mighty hard when I got to bed. If I heard a death tick in de wall I should take it to mean dat I'd better let dem 22 chickens alone, 'cause deir was a spring gun jest inside de doah of de coop. If I didn't h'ar de tick I reckon I'd chance it, though I'd go powerful slow and feel all around in de dark fur dat gun. 'If a white man cums along in de mawnin' and offers yo' a dollar fur a day's work, an yo' stick fur a dollar fur a day's work, an yo' stick fur a dollar an a half an' continer to sot on de fence 'cause he won't give it, yo'll go to bed dat night to hear strauge whispers all around yo'. If yo'll lissen clusly yo'll make out dat yo' am bein told yo'd better resign from dis club beto' yo' git de bounce! If Samuel Shin should borry \$2 in cash of me, which he can't possible de and each of me, which he can't possible de and each death of the same and to same a should borry \$2 in cash of me, which he can't possible de and each death and the same a should borry \$2 in cash of me, which he can't possible de and each death and the same a should borry \$2 in cash of me, which he can't possible de and each death and the same a should borry \$2 in cash of me, which he can't possible de and each death and the same a should borry \$2 in cash of me, which he can't possible de and each death and each a same a should borry \$2 in cash of me, which he can't possible de and each a same a should borry \$2 in cash of me, which he can't possible de and each a same a should be a same a should borry \$2 in cash of me, which he can't possible de and each a same a should borry \$2 in cash of me a should be a same a should borry \$2 in cash of me a should borry \$2 in cash of me a should borry \$2 in cash of me a should bo (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. git de bounce! It Samuel Snin snoun-borry \$2 in cash of me, which he can't pos-sibly do, and should fail to pay it back at de time agreed upon, he'd see ghosts at night. Dey wouldn't be ghosts from de It seems there is to be no room for Queen graveyard, but ghosts from his conscience. "It's all de work of conscience. Dar am nuffin real about it. Yo've done sunthin' mean, and yo' feel conscience stricken ober it. From dis time on I shall hev an eye out fur Brudders Watkins, Jones, Cabiff an Toots, an for sich odder members of dis-club as may take to seein' ghosts an hearin' Woman's Club.

warnin's. I doan' say dat seein' a ghost will be considered sufficient reason fur expulsion, but it will go a long ways toward makin' me feel sartin dat sich pussons doan' reflect no partickler credit on dis club as a ashunal organizashun."

Brother Jones arose and tried to square himself by explaining that what he took to be the whispers of spirit voices turned out to be nothing but the labored breathing of his brindled dog under the bed, and that he had so reported, but that Brother Gard-ner rapped for order and said: "Sot down, Brudder Jones! Dar am no queshun befo' de house. Yo' hev heard what I had to say, an' I hope yo' will profit by it, same as de rest. At de next meetin' I shall arrange wid Sir Isaac Walpole to move dat bylaw No. 606 be amended to read

so dat any member seein' a ghost or bein' whispered to at midnight by a specrit shall stand accused de same as if he had busted into de museum an' stolen de sacred skull

No MEETING-On Tuesday forenoon His Honor the Mayor (who is ourself) was inormed that Dandy Jim, the leader of the Clinch Valley cowboys, had arrived in town for the purpose of posting up a lot of handbills he had had printed at Tucson. These bills called for a public meeting at the Court House on Friday evening "to protest against the arbitrary powers assumed by the Mavor," and went on to talk about

THE ARIZO A KICKER.

ot Cicero.'



Slammed Him Against the Fener

ill that sort of nonsense told to children. His Honor sallied out to look for Dandy Jim, and found him. D. J. didn't look a bit pleased over the find. He is the man who used to run this town under the former mayor, and it hurts him to realize that he has lost his grip. The crowd expected some shooting, but none occurred. His Honor walked right up to Jim and picked him up and slammed him against the fence till he hollered for mercy. Then he made him eat one of the handbills and tear up the rest, and Dandy slunk out of town like a scared

It is useless to add that there won't be any citizens' meeting on Friday night to protest and so forth. His Honor was elected to run this town as nearly on Eastern principles as was convenient, and he's going to do it if somebody gets hurt every 15 minutes. The American e-gle may scream and the Goddess of Liberty shed tears of grief, but things will be held level in this burg while His Honor's term of office lasts.

HE WANTED WINGS.

The pack train was descending a trail on the Bitter Root Mountains, on the Idaho side, when we met a lone man coming up. He had his hair down on his shoulderswhiskers a foot long-his clothes patched and ragged, and on top of all this he was cross-eyed and a stutterer. Of course we stopped to "chin" a little, and when I asked where he was going he replied:

"I'm go-going over to-to-to Virginny C-City. How f-fur is it?"
"About 90 miles Where are you from?" "Down on the the Malade, about 200 miles s-south. Can you t-tell me if they t-t-take photographs in V-Virginny C-

'Yes, they do." "G-good! I'm going to g-glt a d-dozen on 'em." "You don't mean to tell me that you are making a trip of nearly 600 miles over this country to get a dozen photographs?" I exclaimed.

"Th-that's it, stranger."

"Th-that's it, stranger."
"Well, you must want 'em bad."
"I d-do. I'm fadin out and g-growin homely every d-durned minit, and I o-only wish I h-had wings to git thar' b-before sundown! G-goodby, old man! If I m-meet you comin back I'll g-give you a p-pick of the hull lot!" M. QUAD. Copyright, 1858, by the Author.

A WOMAN'S PARADISE In the Sahara Pesert Women Draw Up Their Own Marriage Contract, New Orleans Picavune, 1

The ideal spot, in the opinion of many of our American women, is the casis of Ghardala, in the Sahara desert. There the women have succeeded in emancipating themselves to a remarkable degree. When they marry they draw up their own marriage contract, and if the man in any way breaks it, the woman is immediately free and will have no more to say to him. The Ghardaians are Mohammedans, and by the law of the prophet, a man may have four wives. The women, however, do not allow more than one, and polygamy is practically ban-

They have also a peculiar objection to drinking and smoking, and in many contracts the husband is told that if he falls into the habit of "consuming liquors or using tobacco" he will be divorced.

How the Wealthy Chinese Court.

A curious custom prevails at Huay-ninghsien, in Kwangsi. On the fifteenth day of the first month in each year all the young ladies and gentlemen take a walk to the Yen-yen Mountain. Each damsel carries a little box which she deposits at the foot of the hill.* Any young gentleman desirous of entering the bonds of matrimony may se-lect one of the boxes and take it away with him, whereupon the fair owner of the box makes herself known, and an acquaintance

Many Sacrifices to Make.

Isabella at the Columbian Exposition: that sacrificing her jewels to detray exploring expenses is nothing out of the ordinary, and not more than any woman would have done under the same circumstances. Perhaps such a sacrifice was never made; perhaps there was no Columbus; and perhaps after all it was a woman-a Chicago woman-who discovered America, as has been humorously stated by the witty President of the Chicago

At any rate the Queen Isabella Association has been ruled out of Jackson Park on account of lack of space. The privilege of erecting the beautiful pavilion, designed by Minerva I. Parker, now Mrs. Nichols of Philadelphia has been denied them, though this organization claims to have been first in the field with the idea of a Woman's Building and the first to award the design, having had the money all pledged for its construction as well as for the splendid statue of Isabella, which was intended to grace the first entrance of the building. The work on this statue has been done by that world-famous sculptor, Harriet Hosmer, and is now completed.

> The Women Will Not Submit. It is rumored the World's Fair management now wants to purchase the statue for the Woman's Building, but the Isabellas declare their building shall go up, even though outside of Jackson Park, as a reproach to the management, and that the magnificent statue shall be placed exactly where it was originally designed to stand. So, you see, as usual there is a fly in the intment.

Like myself, you may find it hard to un derstand how the hero is to be honored in this great demonstration and the heroine eft out; how Columbus and Isabella are to be separated. To throw out the idea of one would be to throw out the other. To leave Columbus out of a Columbian Exposition would be like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet let out, if you will parden such an overworked illustration, and would certainly necessitate a new name for the great show. It is conceded by all that there must be a heroine for the Exposition in which women are to play so large and important a part; and it has been suggested that "Mra. Columbus" be substituted for Queen Isabella; that the real sacrifice was on her part in the loss of her husband's companionship during his long voyages.

A New Character Brought Out. It certainly does seem as if it would only be simple justice to give some such tardy acknowledgement of the poor obscure little women who had the fortune, or misfortune to be the wife of this great man. If ever that dreary line in Charles Kingsley's "Three Fishers" beginning, "for men must work and women must weep," applied to any one the weeping half of it must have been doubly applicable to the wife of Christopher However, there has a risen out of serious

nowever, there has a risen out of serious investigation a trifling difficulty in the way of honoring Dona Columbo; of enthroning her beside her famous spouse as a sharer in public hero-worship. In the first place there were two of her, and in the second place very little is definitely known of her. Columbu had weightier business on hand than prasing of his domestic affairs at this time, and so his biographers to whom we turn for information have very little to say. But from these historians we gather that Columbus was the wooed and not the wooer; that one Dona Felipa, daughter of Bartolomo Perestrello noticed Columbus in church, and in what would now be considered quite a bold and "flirty" way laid siege to his heart.

Columbus Was Woodd in a Leap Year. We can only infer in justification of such unwomanly conduct that the year 1473 was leap year. This happened in Portugal after Columbus had escaped from a burning shir Columbus had escaped from a burning ship in a naval battle near Lisbon, by swimming to land with the aid of an oar. At least this is the account the chronicler gives us, and you will agree it is too prettily ro-mantic to be allowed to die; but from anything the still tongue, which doubtless gave the discoverer his wise head, has said, we know nothing of this impulsive first wife except that in his will he desired masses to be said for the repose of her soul. She was then for a long time dead, and, accord-

ing to the evidence of her son, Diego, she had been buried at Lisbon. It is said by some biographers to have been the death of his wife that drove Columbus from Portugal to Spain. Others charge him with baving deserted her. This charge has not a good foundation, however, since the opening scene of his career in Spain is the touching and picturesque incident of his appearance he fore the Conventional Conventions of the content of the convention o dent of his appearance before the Convent of Ribida, a ragged, forloru, footsore trav-eler, leading his little boy for whom he begged bread and water. This child was Diego, and it is at least more charitable to believe the mother of the child dead.

Wife No. 1 May Have Inspired Him, So much for wife No. 1. The grounds upon which the assumption of her claims to a share of the present day honors is based, is the fact, according to the historians, that it was among the papers of his dead father-in-law that Columbus found documents and maps which; prompted the conception of a passage to Asia. Women will of course enjoy the belief that thus indirectly Mrs. Columbus was the inspiration of that fateful voyage which led to the discovery of our great country, but we must not loose sight of the fact that it took money to carry out the inspiration and that to Queen Isabelle alone, so nearly as I know, we are indebted for this substantial aid to the discovery.

But about wife No. 2. Cordova is the scene of the second attachment about which as little is known as of the first. Columbus has certainly put himself upon record for sacred science in affairs of the heart. As "the man who never told," he is greater than the man who discovered America and a new tund should be started by the women to erect a monument to the memory of the man who was as honorable as he was brave. This, as an object lesson to blatant men who, having no greater achievements to boast of, try to outbrag each other in regard to conquests of the heart.

Commended His Widow to His con.

Beatrice Enriques, of noble birth, for whose sweet sake he willingly lingered in Spain during the delays experienced, Columbus mentions only once so far as can be learned, and this in the same will in which he requests masses for the soul of Felipa. He recommends her to his son, Diego, as "a person to whom I am under great obligations;" and further directs him to provide for her maintenance, adding: "Let this be done as a discharge of con-science, for it weighs heavy on my soul, the reason for which I am not permitted to tell." From Washington Irving we learn in his life of Columbus that during his visit to Cordova he conceived a passion for Beatrice Enriques, a noble lady of that city, which attachment does not seem to have been sanctioned by marriage, at least there is no record of marriage, no contemperory recognition of such relationship, no baptism, nor family ceremonies and no mention of wife in all the transactions of the crowning en-deavors of Columbus' life. As viceroy he constantly appeared at court without an at-tendant vice queen. Beatrice was the mother of his second son, Fernando, who became a historian and whom Columbus

always treated with the same favor shown his first son.

Too Husy to Dote on Beatrice

Both boys were made pages to Isabella in 1498. Both children were educated by Beatrice, a fact which Irving seemed to have thought pointed toward a devotion, a chastity and a large-heartedness that were sufficient grounds for the love and confidence of a Columbus. Certain it is, as the mother of his son, Fernando, Beatries claimed what respect and consideration he found time in his busy life to give her, but which could not have been much, and in his last moments he tried to atome for whatever last moments he tried to a one for injustice he may have done her.

In the fragmentary records of Columbus trace auggestions, and in

In the fragmentary records of Columbus there are many tragic suggestions, and in his life, as we have learned it from them, there are still more tragic situations. Of the two women whose lives were sat one time so closely connected with the great discoverer whose sons were made his heirs, only these few shadowy, somber outlines remain. Neither woman could have had much of brightness in her life, and on the whole it is not unjust to conclude that both doubtless had to pay the common penalty of loneliness and selisacrifice entailed in a marriage to greatness.

But which one of these three heroines

But which one of these three heroines think you should share the honors to be ac-corded Columbus at the World's Fair? The woman was the mother of his first-born and who indirectly gave the inspiration; the woman, who remained at home to weep in secret, denied even the solace of his name; or the woman who sacrificed her jewels, which we as women understand, were not so dear to her for their intrinsic value as for the tender associations doubtless connected with them-which?

MARY TEMPLE BAYARD.

BONELESS SHAD.

an Effort Being Made to Produce This Kind of Fish by Crossbreeding. New Orleans Pleayune.

D. Elburke Crawford, of the United State Fish Commission, says that the commission has been trying its hand at evolving a new order of fish, and thinks that they have succeeded in producing a shad quite as free from bone as the flounder. This is to be accomplished by the crossbreeding of the shad, the flounder and a peculiar edible jelly fish found in Japanese waters. "The missioners," said Mr. Crawford, "had much difficulty in securing a supply of these jelly fishes in a healthy, living condition, but at last managed to bring about 1,100 of them to San Francisco, and thence to the Chesapeake bay hatchery in tank cars. They have thrived amazingly, and our ex-periments, while at first rather discour-aging, now leave but little doubt of turnaging, now leave but little doubt of turning out successful. At first the crossing resulted in the production of a lot of jelly
fishes with an elaborate outfit of bones,
which was just what we didn't want; but
time and study showed us our mistakes, and now we have a few hundred half-grown shad with less than 13 per ceut as many bones as the ordinary sort."

Gatting Into a Scrape. t. Louis Republic.]

The origin of the expression above quoted is as follows: In Scotland they play a game called golf, the favorite grounds for such sport being the "downs," or "links." The rabbits frequent these "links," and the hole made by them is called "ascrape." Golf is played with a hard ball of wood or other substance, which is driven from point other substance, which is driven from point with a mallet usually made of wood, but sometimes of iron. The game itself is a cross between our croquet and "shinny;" thus it will be seen that when a ball gets into "ascrape" it is very difficult to get it out, and the player is in a correspondingly had fix generally. Such incidents occur so frequently that the books on "golfing" have laid down rules as to what may be done in the time of such an emergency, "getting into ascrape" being the golfer's greatest drawback. From this has arisen the term now in such common use among us, meaning now in such common use among us, meaning

in a bad fix. An ingenious lock has been invented by which doors, etc., may be locked and unlocked from a distance electrically. It is specially applicable for doors in private and business houses and offices, where absolute privacy is needed or desired. The lock is operated by simply turning a switch. Thus the occupant of a room may instantaneously admit a person and as instantaneously lock the door on his egress without leaving his chair, as the switch can be placed close to his hand. There are many contingencies which will at once suggest themselves to business men, when such a means of pre-venting the intrusion, even of the office

boy, will be highly appreciated.

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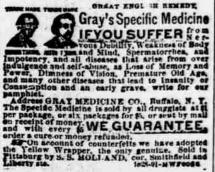
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Ayer'sL or for some time, and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and falling hair, so that I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigot, my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor to any one suf-fering from dandruff or loss of hair."

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